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DILEMMAS OF HUMANITY.

SELFISH people feel a wicked pleasure in pointing out the bad effects which arise from inconsiderate beneficence, and in twitting their kind-hearted neighbours with the disappointments which so often befall their well-meant efforts. The most familiar case is that put into a proverbial form, 'I lent my money to my friend,' &c. We may deplore the triumph which facts often give to those who are so wise for themselves; but we cannot deny that there are some perverse tendencies about human nature which do make it difficult to be beneficent and liberal without injury to those whom we design to benefit. It assuredly is a truth that a friend is in danger of being lost after he has become a borrower; all experience attests it. Still more imperilled is the friendship of those who receive gifts. It seems as if not only were the inequalities of fortune, by which so many suffer, a determined part of nature, but as if every special effort to remedy them, by an imparting from the prosperous to the unfortunate, were fated only to make matters worse.

If there is one amiable feeling in human nature, it is that from which alms-giving springs. The act has been in a sort of doubt for some years among political economists. We sometimes see very wise heads shaken at it. In spite of everything, it is a heavenly act, well worthy of being placed among religious virtues. There cannot, however, be a doubt that, as matters stand, while it is an elevating act for the giver, it is a deterioration for the receiver. Relieving, as it may be, from the pressure of immediate pains, and justifiable as it may thus be, it also, as we well know, saps still further the moral state of the party relieved. The condition of mendicants everywhere attests the certainty of this effect, so that it fully appears as if that which is a virtue in its motive, were really something like a vice in its consequences. It is a strange dilemma, seeming to imply that heaven itself commands the desertion of the stricken deer. Such, we may be well assured, cannot be the case; but yet, as far as we can readily see, such a thing as unmixed good from beneficence is not in the world.

Some years ago, a poor, but reputedly honest tin-smith, living in a country town in Berkshire, was burnt out, and utterly ruined. It was suggested that he should go about amongst the townsfolk with a subscription paper, in order that he might be re-established in his little business. A gentleman conspicuous in the management of public charities gave him a certificate for this purpose. So furnished, the tin-smith commenced his rounds, and in one week collected five pounds, being probably about the amount of his losses. Surprised, however, at the facility with which money was thus to be obtained, he persevered till he had com-

pleted the round of the town, which he effected in about a month. Being now reimbursed four times over, it might have been expected that he would contentedly settle to his business, and beg no more. He was by this time, however, completely fascinated by the new profession he had adopted; so he went with his wife into the country to prosecute his subscription, out of which he is supposed to have made about two hundred a year ever since. The gentleman who gave the certificate, telling us the story, said in conclusion, 'My writing that bit of paper was one of the worst actions I ever committed, because it has utterly corrupted two of my fellow-creatures.'

A state provision for the poor is, properly speaking, only a regulated mode of alms-giving, an effort towards equalising matters between the fortunate and unfortunate. We all know, however, how endangered, if not lost, is the moral state of those who accept of this succour. It is everywhere reported that, from the moment an independent labourer tastes of public charity, his self-respect is lost, and he is never after so good a man. It is the universally-confessed dilemma of the administrators how to relieve pressing and real want, without holding out an inducement to the independent labourer to relax in his industry and frugality, under the certainty of sharing at the worst in this public benefaction. The common saying of some is, that the poor's fund makes the poor; and the most generous must allow that there is too much truth in the remark. It is also true that the fund undergoes a continual siege on the part of worthless impostors, who ought to have no business with it. Novelists persist in describing the sufferings of genuine wretchedness at the hands of charity officials; they do not see that incessant deception makes men suspicious, and that nothing but supernatural wisdom could distinguish at a glance between solitary cases of virtuous poverty and the multitude of impostures. A gentleman of perfect humanity, who once took charge of a charitable establishment in a large city, told us that he had had occasion, while in that duty, to examine into ten thousand cases brought before him, and there was not one free from deception! In Glasgow, at the present time, the annual expenditure for the poor is £118,000, mostly in the form of out-door relief. Now, as we have heard much of the misery pent up in that city, this seems comfortable news; but stop till we hear a few facts. A single spirit-dealer relates that his receipts for whisky on the pay-day are always £10 above the average. Shoals of the tickets establishing the right to a monthly alimant are pledged to pawnbrokers—how the results are bestowed may be imagined. It has become common for married couples to separate under a paction, that the apparently deserted wife may receive an allowance, part of which she gives to her husband. 'The mortifying fact is,' says a

gentleman officially concerned, 'that the paupers abuse the charity to an enormous extent, and notwithstanding all we spend on them, and all our unwearied labours in their behalf, poverty, disease, and death are multiplying their victims, and are not anywise subdued by our exertions.'*

Humanity is in a similar dilemma regarding criminal prisoners. It desires to treat them leniently, and to win them back, if possible, to better courses. It has therefore dictated the total abolition of those dens of misery which Howard described, and which were such a terror to the well-doing, and has substituted in their place good comfortable houses, where indeed there is restraint, and solitary life, but no want of physical comfort, and nothing that can be felt as very degrading. At the same time, persons of education and humane feelings go to the prisoners, converse with them kindly, and endeavour to fortify them with moral and religious sentiment for their re-encounter with the world out of doors. And what is the consequence?—that jails have ceased to operate so well in deterring from the commission of crime. We may well re-quote the declaration of the chief criminal judge of Scotland upon this subject:—'Even on the separate system, imprisonment has really no terror for the bulk of offenders; and the better the system, it is an undoubted result, that the dread of imprisonment will and must be diminished. After these offenders are all taught to read, and get books to read at extra hours, if reformation is not produced, at least the *oppression* of imprisonment is over to people of coarse minds, and living a life of wretchedness out of prison. And hence I am sorry to say, that with those who are not reclaimed in our prison, the dread of imprisonment seems to have entirely vanished. And I understand that among the community at large in Scotland, and with magistrates and police officers, the feeling is very general that, owing to the comforts necessarily attending a good jail, the separate system, looked on first with alarm, has now no effect in deterring from crime those who are not reformed.' What a triumph, to all appearance, for the old harsh flogging system! To it we cannot return—we are too refinedly mild now—a-days for that; endless newspaper articles would din the public sin into our ears continually, till the philanthropic plan was resumed. But the inappropriateness of this plan to its object remains nevertheless palpable. We leave the poor man's home undisturbed in its wretchedness, and hold out a comfortable jail, as if to wile him from the paths of rectitude. Even our efforts to reform the prisoners, the best-meant part of the whole system, are attended with difficulties. The poor independent man out of doors sees the criminal thus obtaining a degree of attention from his superiors, and exciting an interest in them, which must have something agreeable about it. It cannot be encouraging for his virtue to reflect that, while he remains virtuous, no such care is taken of him, and no such interest expressed about his fate.

Is there a solution for these dilemmas of humanity? We think there must be, for otherwise, we should have to deny that predominating rule of good which appears in the whole of the providential arrangements of the world. These difficulties, it appears to us, are only inseparable from a system in which man's nature remains unregenerate in its native selfishness. Were the Christian aim realised, and we all did really love our neighbour as ourselves, there would be no exaltation in the rendering of a favour, and no debasement in receiving it. The selfishhood extinguished on both sides, we should feel in these matters exactly as parents and children do in their intercommunication of good offices. The very idea of gratitude would be extirpated, as something not necessary to the case. The giver and the receiver of common charity would alike feel that they were work-

ing out the will of God, and it would be as blessed to take as to give, because both acts were essential to the realisation of the Divine decree. Probe all humane dilemmas, and you will find that selfishness is at the bottom of them. If we were not each so much for ourselves, there would be less of crime, and no such problem as that of the jails would exist. The remedy is a change of our feelings to the effect of making all others' interests as dear to us as our own. A remote one, you will say. True, but it may not be the less certain that, till it is realised, dilemmas must continue to beset all benevolent designs.

JACQUES CALLOT.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE ancient town of Nancy slumbers peacefully amid the pretty landscape which surrounds it, scarcely recalling to the traveller the glories of its earlier days; but the villages embosomed in trees, the vineyards varied by cherry orchards, the bright green of the meadows, the sombre depth of the forests, the sparkling river, and the clear, ever-changing sky—all at once remind us that Nancy was the birthplace of Claude Lorraine; that from these forests, these hamlets, these flowery fields and sparkling waters, he drew inspiration for those pictures which charm alike the accomplished artist and the simple child. Remembering this, and that the efforts of genius, both in painting and in poetry, generally take their colour from first impressions, we might wonder how so peaceful and gentle a landscape can have been the cradle of Jacques Callot; and we ask where he found the originals of the soldiers, conjurers, and gipsies, which form the subjects of his pencil. The history of his early life will enlighten us.

In the town of Nancy, near the old Hôtel de Marque, let us picture to ourselves an old house with a high roof, its door and windows ornamented with weather-beaten carvings. Below is a stone bench, used by travellers and beggars; on the first floor are two windows, encased in stone; and in the roof, above the gutter, are two others, surrounded by moss, tufts of grass, and here and there a flower, planted by the wind or the birds; above all rises a tall chimney, with its never-ceasing smoke-wreath. At the lower windows may occasionally be seen a gentle and anxious woman, or a grave and worthy man, the parents of Callot—Jean Callot and Renée Brunchault; at the upper windows might be seen a young and happy family, among whom we recognise Jacques by his inquisitive and fearless look, always seeking subjects for his pencil.

The interior of this house corresponds with its exterior. There are chairs sculptured in oak; Gothic tables, with twisted legs; a devotional chair; an ebony crucifix, on which the spider has never been suffered to hang a thread; a wide chimney, decorated with a lozenge-shaped glass, a timepiece, and silver goblets of elegant form and good workmanship; while on the shelves are vessels of pewter and stoneware—all dimly lighted by the little lozenge-shaped panes which compose the window. Our first glance shows us Jean Callot in a showy dress, walking up and down the room to aid his thoughts, and Renée sitting in the chimney-corner spinning.

In this house was born, in 1593, Jacques Callot, of a family originally Flemish, but afterwards attached to the Burgundian family. Claude, the grandfather of Jacques, was ennobled by Charles III., Duke of Lorraine, for his bravery and loyal services: he married a grand-niece of the Maid of Orleans. Jean, the father of Jacques, was herald-at-arms to the Duke of Lorraine, and Renée his wife was daughter to the physician to Christina of Denmark. She was a good, quiet woman; and having lost all her daughters, placed her warmest affection upon her youngest son Jacques, who never forgot her tender care of him. Jean Callot, prouder of his title of principal herald-at-arms than the Duke of Lor-

* Common Sense, being Eight Letters on the Administration of Relief to the Poor of Glasgow. By David MacLure. Glasgow: D. Chambers. 1848.

rairie was of his duchy, fixed upon his youngest son for his successor, his elder ones having already embarked in other callings; and from the age of eight years Jaques was taught by his father how to draw and paint armorial bearings. His passion for drawing was such, that at his writing-school he made a sketch of each letter of the alphabet. A was the pointed roof of his house; B the weathercock of his neighbour's; and thus with the rest. There had been painters in his mother's family, and Renée herself loved the arts, unconsciously giving the same taste to her youngest son. She could not comprehend how any one could pass a whole life in clearing away the dust from old coats of arms, as her grave and austere husband did; and whenever she was alone with Jaques, she roused his young fancy by lively tales of the adventures of men of genius. Well acquainted was this good woman with the strange histories of the old painters; and after hearing these, Jaques would go up to his own chamber, and with pen or pencil make sketches at random. When his ardour cooled, he would lean out of his attic window, and while feeding the sparrows with the bread which he had used for his drawings, he would ponder upon his mother's tales, and gaze upon the streets, or into his neighbour's windows. From his window he saw before him a beautiful landscape, hemmed in by mountains and forests, variegated by groves and villages, and cultivated fields, among which the Meurthe meandered. But Jaques cared little for the beauties of scenery: man had far greater attraction for him; and he studied all that he saw of singular, extravagant, or original in his fellow-creatures. He delighted in bullying soldiers; street singers, with mouths wider than the wooden bowls out of which they ate; quack doctors, who sang and danced; beggars in picturesque rags; pilgrims with their doublets slashed with the rents of time, and carrying about boxwood rosaries, artificial flowers, leaden medallions—all the devotional gewgaws of the saints. In 1600 there were no theatres in the provinces; thus it was a rich age for dancing-bears, fortune-tellers, and tumblers on fête-days. Jaques early attempted to sketch all these grotesque figures, either from his own window or in the open street; and he has been seen sitting carelessly on the pavement quietly drawing in his schoolbook some conjuror who struck his fancy. Once his father found him seated upon the edge of a fountain in Nancy, his naked feet in the water, earnestly sketching the great nose and wide mouth of a clown who was grinning at some distance.

Even when these sights were wanting, Jaques knew how to amuse himself with his pencil in sketching his schoolmaster, sometimes grave to absurdity, sometimes inflamed by the worship of Bacchus; and when tired of reading, he would play the truant, rush into the first open church, and pass hours there contemplating the sculptured altars and monuments, the frescos, the Gothic windows, the religious paintings of the old artists. He made his way wherever anything curious was to be seen—into churches, monasteries, hotels, even into the ducal palace; and, thanks to his handsome face, half hidden by fair curls, thanks to the fine Flemish lace with which his mother ornamented his throat and wrists, no one stopped him.

One Sunday morning Jaques was attracted to his window by the sounds of the fife and drum of a band of gipsies, who were setting up their tents before the Hôtel de Marque. The beams of a spring sun fell brightly upon the group, and Jaques, enchanted, crept down to the gutter to watch them; he next mounted to the chimney, and there, with his eye fixed, his mouth half open, but silent, his ear listening, he beheld the curtain raised, and preparations made for the play: he saw the decorations taken out of a little cart drawn by an ass, which ass and cart were themselves among the actors. Spangled dresses, faded long ago, shone in the sun; while three infants were deposited among lions and serpents of pasteboard, which served them as playthings. In the space of a quarter of an hour

Jaques saw so many things, natural and unnatural, come forth from the cart, that he imagined the chief of the party must have the power of creation. Hastening down to the spot, he stood aside for a little while; but as his astonishment increased, he approached close to the curtain, and to obtain pardon for his boldness, he offered the first gipsy who passed near him a wild sunflower which he had gathered on the house roof.

'By the saints!' said the gipsy, smelling the flower, 'here is a handsome child! Do not blush, boy. Did your mother sew on this rich lace? She may well kiss your fine curls. Come, do not be afraid: I am not the red woman.'

Saying this, the gipsy embraced Jaques tenderly, adding, 'This face foretells us a lucky day, so I shall tell the pretty child his fortune. Come, look at me with those blue eyes; they will recommend you to the ladies, and you will make your way, my child.'

'My way! my way!' murmured Jaques sighing. Then he asked, 'Have you people ever been in Italy?' 'Many times. Do you wish to travel? Yes indeed; I read it in your countenance. You shall travel so much, and to so good purpose, that when you die, your bones shall be shrouded in your cradle. If that proud lip is to be believed, you will be a valiant soldier.'

'Never!' cried Jaques.

'What, then, could you better like to be?'

'A painter.'

'A painter! That is a low trade: do not try it if you wish always to wear such lace as this. I know more than one who is obliged to live upon chance. Nevertheless, if it amuses you, forward! But it is not your destiny.'

'When do you set off for Italy?' asked Jaques.

'In November; for in winter the sun of Naples is warm enough for us.'

'Since you know everything,' said Jaques, hesitating, 'tell me at what age I shall die?'

The gipsy took his little hand. By a chance with which his after-fate agreed, the line of life was broken in the middle; and the gipsy turned away her head sorrowfully. 'The line is not yet formed; at our next meeting, I will tell you how long you will live.'

'If I live to be forty years old, like my Uncle Brune-hault, I shall be content.'

At this moment Jaques saw his father coming from the ducal palace, and he hastened into the house.

'A good journey, and good-luck!' cried the gipsy to him, touching her lips with the sunflower.

Jaques hoped his father had not seen him; but the first thing the latter did on entering the house was to call his son and wring his ears, crying out, 'Go along; you are only a mountebank, unworthy of bearing either my name or my shield; above all, unworthy of my dignity of herald. I had reckoned upon you; but do you think the grand duke will confide his great genealogical book to you after my death? Instead of learning the old histories of the nobility of our land, in order to do justice to each according to his arms and his deeds, you should make sketches of jugglers: the greatest prince to you should be the best rope-dancer. Go; I despair of you, disobedient child! With your vagabond habits, you will end your days at the galleys.'

Thus speaking, the venerable Jean Callot walked with a dignified air into his closet; Jaques went to hide his tears on the bosom of his mother, who also wept while rebuking her son.

'You are going to be more prudent, my dear child; these are repentant tears; from this day you will study earnestly the noble science of heraldry. Go—go, the bell is ringing for mass; do not be the last at church, as usual.'

When Jaques had dressed himself, he thought with a smile of hope, 'This costume will do well for my journey to Italy.' Till this moment he had not thought of Italy but with trembling; he now gave himself up to the dream with more confidence; and at church his

imagination wandered to the mountains of Switzerland and the Tyrol. The music, the sun streaming through the Gothic windows upon the altar, the incense, raised his fancy to the utmost, and a strange voice seemed to cry out to him, 'Italy! Italy!' All the splendours of the Eternal city arose bewitchingly before his eyes; the Madonnas of Raphael smiled and extended their angelic arms to him. Even if the dangers of such a pilgrimage crossed his mind, his courage returned again instantly. 'Am I not almost twelve years old?' said he, drawing himself up. When mass was ended, he remained behind in the church, to beseech God to bless his journey, and to console his mother; after which he arose, wiped away his tears, and without looking behind him, took the road to Luneville, believing that his slender purse would carry him to the end of the world. We must not mistake; the love of art was doubtless the motive for this journey; but was not the journey itself something towards the bold determination of this capricious and independent spirit?

We have not the whole history of Jaques Callot's journey: we only know that he went straight on, resting at a farm or public-house, like a young pilgrim, after having eaten of what fruit he could find, refreshing himself by the lonely fountain, and praying before each crucifix that he passed. Although accustomed to a certain degree of luxury, to a good bed, a delicate table, and, above all, to a mother's care, he slept soundly upon the truckle-bed at a public-house, upon clean straw at a farm, and often in bad company; he ate, without grumbling, porridge and vegetables from the earthen plates of the peasants; and even in his worst days, never regretted the paternal roof, so severe and unkind did the worthy herald-at-arms appear to him. While pursuing a glorious aim, Jaques did not forget the pleasures of his age, wild liberty, and a thirst for adventure. If he saw an ass feeding, he jumped gaily upon its back, and without caring what became of it, gave it liberty again after riding two or three leagues; if he saw a boat upon a river, he untied it, jumped in, and rowed away till he was breathless. When taken in the act, his pleasing appearance soon gained him pardon. In this manner he reached a village near Lucerne. Although he had been very sparing, his purse was nearly empty; in two days it would be quite so; but he thought he could live upon fruit, and as it was hay-season, every stroke of the scythe would provide him a bed. He had resigned himself to a prospect more poetical than agreeable, when he heard some bawling music, which reminded him of his friends the mountebanks: it may be guessed that he went towards it. It was evening; the roofs of the hamlet were gilded by the setting sun; the cows, returning to their sheds, answered the shrill fife by their lowings, the bulls by the tinkling of their little bells, and the herdsman by his stunning horn. Jaques presently reached the church, near which a band of gipsies were performing an uncouth dance, to the great wonderment of a noisy circle of villagers; and Jaques seated himself on the churchyard wall, that he might enjoy the scene at his ease. He beheld twenty gipsies of all ages, from the grandmother to the cradled infant, dressed in rags covered with spangles; some of them dancing, others playing on the viol or fife, some telling fortunes, and some carrying round their wooden cups among the spectators. The sun shone brightly on their wretched attire, giving it an appearance of magnificence befitting fairy gambols. Among the dancers, two young girls of fifteen or sixteen attracted general attention by their beauty and grace; and Jaques, whose eyes followed all their movements, could not resist drawing their portraits. Taking out the paper and pencils which he always kept about him, he had succeeded pretty well in grouping together the two handsome dancers, when he was surprised to find himself surrounded by several peasants, who were regarding with silent wonder his strange occupation. Without troubling himself at this, he continued his work till the dancers, understanding

that he was drawing them, wished in their turn to see whether he had done them justice; and Jaques, beholding his charming models each leaning over a shoulder with their faces close to his, let his pencil fall from his hand.

'How pretty he is, sister!' said one of them.

'How clever he is!' replied the other.

'Whence did he come? Who is he? Where is he going?'

'I am going to Rome,' said Jaques, not knowing well what he ought to say.

'To Rome! To Italy! We are going to Florence. What a lucky companion, if he would go with us! All roads lead to Rome!'

'Yes, a lucky companion!' said Jaques, drawing out his purse. 'Here is all I have for my journey, and I have eaten scarcely anything to-day.'

'Poor child! I shall take him to the Red Inn, where we are to have some beans and milk for supper, and oat-straw in the barn to sleep on. Come, the sun has set, and our cups are full. Kiss my pearl necklace, and give me your hand.'

Saying this, she bent her throat towards the unwilling lips of Jaques, who, however, kissed the necklace; and each of the sisters taking a hand, they led him towards the troop who were just going away. They soon reached the Red Inn, and before supper, Jaques was formally admitted into the band; and for what little money he had, was promised escort to Florence, on strict condition that he should take portraits of the whole party, beasts included. The scent of the beans made him promise everything required. The supper was joyous and noisy; it was washed down with several cups of common wine, and finished with a roundelay which Callot remembered to the day of his death.

On the following day they passed through Lucerne, where they made but a poor harvest; and then they fixed their tents in a neighbouring forest, where they lived for a week upon what they could steal, resting themselves and their beasts, mending and washing their clothes, polishing their spangles, coining false money, working at small articles of jewellery, necklaces, copper and leaden rings, buckles, and other ornaments used by the peasants. They lived well upon game, which the older women cooked, while Jaques went with the girls to find birds' feathers to make finery of, and bunches of service-tree for necklaces; he also gathered wild cherries, strawberries, and gooseberries for the general desert. He likewise cut figures upon the bark of the trees. The two young girls took good care of Jaques, and even hid from him view the scandalous scenes which were passing around him.

When they resumed their journey, they did so by easy stages, begging in villages, stealing from lonely huts, leaving everywhere their evil traces. They crossed the Alps by the wildest paths, living by the convents. At length, after six months of strange and perilous adventures, Jaques Callot hailed the soil of Italy, the holy land of art. It was time, for among these wild people the poor child was in great danger of being ruined. 'Italy! Italy!' he cried, throwing up his hands, while he thanked God with tears. From this moment he seemed to breathe a purer air. 'Adieu, Pepa! adieu, Miji! you are both beautiful, but Italy is more beautiful.'

Such is Callot's early history. Some years later, he immortalised his friends the gipsies in his works of 'Gipsies Travelling,' and 'the Halt of Gipsies.'

The troop went to Florence, not allowing their guest time to satisfy his curiosity at Milan, Parma, and Bologna; but his hasty glance at palaces, obelisks, fountains, and statues, dazzled and enchanted him more and more. He was in a state of mental intoxication, which made him forget the presence of his companions even when they made an exhibition.

At Florence, a Piedmontese gentleman, in the service of the grand duke, met Callot among the gipsies, and was at once struck with the delicate features and gen-

teel movements of the child, whom he could not imagine to belong to the people in whose company he found him. The manner in which Callot was gazing enraptured upon the sculpture of a fountain, taking no part in the grotesque dance and begging manoeuvres of the troop, convinced the gentleman; and calling Jaques to him, he questioned him kindly. Finding that the boy did not understand Italian, he spoke to him in French, and soon learned the little history of his leaving Nancy, his meeting with his companions, and his intention of studying the great masters at Rome, that he might, if it pleased God, become a great master also. This high resolve in a child of twelve or thirteen interested the gentleman greatly; and taking Callot by the hand, he led him at once to an engraver and painter with whom he was acquainted—Gauts Gallina—saying, 'Treat this child as if he were mine; make him worthy of me and yourself.'

Callot was received at once, but at the end of six weeks, he told his protector that he wished to go to Rome, to study where Raphael had studied. The gentleman feared that he had befriended a vagabond rather than a young artist; however, as he loved Jaques, he did not desert him. He bought him a mule and some clothes, gave him excellent advice, with a promise to visit him at Rome, and parted with him affectionately, and with tears. Jaques, proudly seated on the mule, also shed tears; but once set off, the brilliant future occupied all his thoughts. At Sienna, he stopped to visit the church, and learned a lesson in engraving from the splendid mosaic of the pavement under the dome, the work of Duccio. He thought if he was ever an engraver, he would give effect by the breadth of single lines, without using hatching. Arrived at the gates of Rome, he left his mule to take its course, and the beast trotted along after an ass laden with vegetables, of which he now and then took a mouthful, unobserved by Jaques, whose bewildered eye wandered over the Eternal city, now clothed by the setting sun with a golden garment. At length he had gained his desire; but, as it often happens, that very moment he was foiled. Some merchants of Nancy, on their return to their city, met Jaques Callot perched on his mule. 'Oh, ho! Master Jaques Callot, where are you going in this style?' The young traveller saw his danger, and spurred his mule; but escape was impossible with an Italian mule which was feeding so agreeably; and the merchants seized the fugitive. As these good folks had witnessed the grief of the Callot family, they declared their resolution to reconduct him safely to his paternal roof; and notwithstanding his tears, his prayers, and his anger, Jaques was obliged to submit. He bade adieu to Rome without having set his foot in her streets.

In vain did Callot repeatedly attempt to escape from the travelling merchants; they never let him go out of their sight, keeping him on his mule in the middle of the party; and he arrived at Nancy after a month of tedious travelling, in which he heartily regretted his gipsy friends. His father received him with a lecture upon truanting, and a discourse upon heraldic science, which made Callot secretly determine to be off again; the tears of his mother alone restrained him for a short time.

However, he soon went off, with a purse light enough, and skirting the Lake of Geneva, entered Italy by Savoy; but at Turin he was again stopped by his brother the lawyer, who happened to be there, and who forced him back to Nancy a second time.

His third departure was more prosperous, for his father, with tears, gave his consent to it, and Jaques set off in the train of the ambassador from Lorraine to the Pope, to acquaint the latter with the accession of Henry II. Callot was now fifteen, and had still time enough before him to study at Rome. His enthusiasm at the wonders of the ancient city cannot be described; he worked under several masters, but followed his own genius only, and he soon felt that painting was not his forte. He entered warmly into engraving, and placed

himself under Thomassin, an old French engraver residing at Rome. This art was then in its infancy, and Thomassin had made his fortune by it. His subjects were principally religious ones, of which Callot was soon weary. Young as he was, he discovered at each attempt some new resource; and he soon gave way to his fancy, recalling to his mind the beggars, strolling players, mountebanks, and other human curiosities whom he had seen. Under Thomassin he used the graver; but this process was too slow for his imagination, and he soon left it for that of etching.

One day when the pencil had fallen from his hand, as he was sadly thinking of those charming young gipsies who had loved him as their child, the figure of the Lady Bianca, Thomassin's young and handsome wife, rose before him. She often visited Callot when he was at work, and unconsciously he made her his study. Thomassin encouraged this, requesting Callot to be his wife's companion to church and to the public promenade when he could not accompany her; but at length, taking alarm at the result to which this might lead in a young and imaginative man, he desired him to leave the house. Callot did so, talking with him only his works, and bade adieu to Rome, leaving behind him his dreams. He never saw Madame Thomassin again—he never revisited Rome. After this, the history of Callot loses its adventurous and exciting character, offering little more than a succession of undisturbed days and a laborious end.

Jaques Callot went to Florence, undecided whether to remain there; but he hoped to establish himself with his first master. He was almost penniless, and what was worse, his courage had left him. At the city gate he was stopped as a stranger, and, careless of his fate, he fell into a passion, and resisted, demanding to be conducted to the ducal palace without delay. On telling his griefs and his pretensions to Cosmo II., who patronised art of all kinds, the grand duke congratulated himself on what had occurred, and told Callot that he should remain at his palace, where he had a grand school of painting, engraving, and sculpture. Callot was delighted at the accident, and set to work in the palace with even more ardour than when with Thomassin. Besides his former master, he met there a painter and engraver who was of great service to him, Alphonso Parigi, who prepared the scenery for the duke's theatre. Callot passed some time at this work, and also painted some subjects in the Flemish style, of which one remains in the Florentine Gallery. It is the half-length of a Spanish soldier, and has the same bold yet delicate touch—the same grace of composition as his engravings.

Callot remained ten years at Florence, enjoying the same patronage under Ferdinand that he had done under Cosmo II., and receiving the gold medal which was bestowed upon native talent. During these ten years he produced his best works, creating a new world under his touch, and seeing all through the prism of his fancy. His art became his sole passion, enchaining him more and more without relaxation, till it conducted him to the grave, young in years, but bowed, faded, exhausted like a noble horse, which has run too long a race. He had no longer eyes except for his work; if he went out of his studio, it was but to seek for subjects for his etching needle—a beggar, a soldier, or some other extraordinary actor on the scene of human life. He never allowed himself time to admire the grandeur or beauty of creation; neither the sun nor the stars, neither the flowers nor the streams: heart and mind were dead, as it were, and the sheet of copper was his only joy.

He returned to Nancy. One evening the aged herald-at-arms, leaning at his window, seeing a carriage stop at the door of his house, asked his wife if it belonged to the court. The good woman Renée, whose heart and eyes saw more clearly, cried, almost fainting upon the window-sill, 'It is Jaques!—it is thy son!' The aged herald went down instantly, asking himself whether it

could be possible that his son, the engraver of silly pictures, was come back in a carriage? After a hearty but grave embrace, he hastened to see whether the Callot arms were painted on the coach. Putting on his spectacles, he discovered with pride and joy the shield of his son—five stars crosswise: 'the cross of labour,' it is said; 'for the stars indicate the nightly labour of Callot, and his hopes of fame.'

Fatigued with his wanderings, Callot resolved to end his days at Nancy, so he bought a house and married. We know nothing of his wife Catherine Kuttinger, except that she was a widow, and had a daughter. It was certainly a marriage of prudence. Callot became religious, going to mass every morning, and passing an hour every evening in prayer. He resumed his work; but adieu to wild inspirations, to satire and gaiety; he only undertook grave and religious subjects. At Paris his fame was known, and Louis XIII. desired him to follow in his suite to the siege of Rochelle, as he alone was worthy to immortalise his victories. Callot obeyed reluctantly, and after the siege, returned to Paris to finish his sketches. He was lodged at the Luxembourg, where he found his friend Sylvester Israel, and where he assisted with Rubens, Poussin, and other great painters in decorating the palace. But in spite of these illustrious friendships—the protection of Louis XIII., and the thousand attractions of Paris—Callot returned to Nancy as soon as he had leisure. He loved quiet, and he left the care of editing his works to his friend Israel. Besides, Callot loved his family, his native city, and his country, whose history he studied in his leisure hours. He had been born when Lorraine was independent, and had lived in the reigns of Charles III. and Henry II., when the nobility were illustrious by their deeds, the burghers industrious and intelligent, the people happy under a light yoke, when art was worthily represented in each of its departments, when religion stood firm upon ancestral faith, when industry produced its manufactures, and the workman blessed the peace he enjoyed. But Jacques Callot also witnessed the fall of his country when, under the rule of Charles IV., she lost everything but honour.

Instigated by the enmity of Cardinal Richelieu to Gaston of Orleans, who had married the sister of Charles IV., Louis XIII. went to besiege Nancy, which he expected would fall as easily as Rochelle had done. But the weather was bad, Louis lost courage, and the siege was about to be raised, when the cardinal be-thought himself of a stratagem. The Duke of Lorraine was drawn into the French camp, in the hope of signing articles of peace, and held prisoner, while the king, at the cardinal's instigation, obliged him to sign an order to the governor of Nancy to open its gates. The Princess of Phalsbourg in vain urged the governor not to obey the order of a captive sovereign; the gates were opened, and the enemy admitted. Callot seeing that all was lost, shut himself up in his chamber to conceal his anger, and when the thoughtless artists of the place went to pay their court to Louis XIII., the latter was surprised at not seeing Callot among them.

'Has he forgotten my benefits, then?' said the king to Claude de Ruët; and the painter repeated to Callot what the king had said.

'Yes,' replied the brave artist indignantly; 'yes, I have forgotten his benefits since he entered the open gates of Nancy fully armed.'

Claude de Ruët urged his friend to accompany him to the ducal palace, where the king was holding his court.

'Never!' said Callot; and the painter left him to his pride and grief. But presently an order came signed by the Duke Charles, 'Jacques Callot is summoned to the palace to the king's presence.'

'Well, then, I shall go; but without bending my head to him.'

The king received him very graciously, and said, 'Master Callot, we have not forgotten that you placed your talent at the service of our glory; you have drawn

for the benefit of future times the taking of the Isle of Rhé and the siege of Rochelle, now you must draw the siege of Nancy.'

Callot, feeling the insult, drew up his head proudly, saying, 'Sir, I am a Lorrainer: I would cut off my finger sooner!'

When he had said it, Jacques expected to pay dearly for his audacious reply. All present cried out, swords were drawn, and at a sign made, soldiers with halberds appeared at the door. On the other side, the nobility of Lorraine, faithful to their country, formed a circle round Callot, resolved to defend him, when Louis XIII., who had sometimes the soul of a king and a man, to the great surprise of all the court and of the artist himself, said to Callot, 'Callot, your reply does you honour; and turning to his courtiers, added, 'the Duke of Lorraine is very happy in having such subjects.'

In this year Jacques felt the beginning of the disease which slowly carried him to the grave. Laying aside his work, he passed the summer at Villers, where his father had an estate. He was amused by the playfulness of his wife's daughter; but his illness increased, and his disordered imagination continually dwelt upon Satan and the infernal regions. When the grave was open for him, he executed his great work, 'The Temptation of St Anthony,' a work worthy of the poet who inspired it—Dante. His physicians desired him to relinquish his labour, to live idly in the open air of the country; but he would not obey them; and having finished the above work under a depression of mind for which no outward cause is assigned, he again seized his graving tool, and in a dream of his youthful days, with all the fire of his best efforts, accomplished the plate known as 'The Little Vine Arbour'—a representation of peasants dancing and drinking.

Callot died March 25, 1635, and was buried in the cloister of the Cordeliers. A handsome monument was erected among those of the Dukes of Lorraine, with his portrait by his friend Michael Lasne; but in 1793 the republicans, believing this the burial-place of a noble, defaced the portrait, and destroyed the tomb. However, in 1825, the remains of Callot were replaced in the church, and a tomb built over them.

'FORTY DAYS IN THE DESERT.'

A HANDSOME octavo volume, embellished with a considerable number of beautiful engravings, invites our attention under the above title.* Supposing it to be designed as a Christmas book, for which the work seems eminently fitted, alike from its elegance and originality of design, we can recommend it to persons looking about for something superior to the fictions which used to form the material of New Year's gifts. 'Forty Days in the Desert' is the account of a journey from Cairo across the wilderness to Suez, thence to Sinai, and so on by way of Akabah to Petra, from which the author retraces his steps to the banks of the Nile. This route has lately been so frequently and well described, that we are familiar with almost everything which falls under notice; and yet from the author, Mr Bartlett, being an artist, and possessing a keen perception of scenery and costume, as well as a power of graphic, though somewhat diffuse narration, his work has a novelty which renders it acceptable to general readers. Besides, such is the depth of interest in the countries referred to, that accounts of them never seem to exhaust the subject. Mr Bartlett's description of Petra, for instance, amidst the rugged solitudes of Wady Mousa, reads as freshly as if we heard of it only for the first time.

The author set out for Cairo on the last day of September, his party consisting of a faithful and intrepid attendant, Hadji Komeh, hired for the occasion, and

* London: Hall and Co., Paternoster Row. 1848.

three other Arab servants; the whole mounted on five camels, one of these useful animals carrying a tent and baggage. A plentiful supply of provisions—as sugar, biscuit, rice, coffee, &c.—was also taken; for in the desert no species of food is to be had, except occasionally a sheep or kid from tribes of wandering Arabs. Four skin-sacks of water completed the provisioning department; and last of all were included cooking and table utensils, and a supply of charcoal. The English costume is recommended as preferable for travelling, on account of a certain fear which even the remote inhabitants of the desert have come to entertain of our power. The author, however, was on divers occasions saved from the rapacious extortions of native chiefs only by his own firmness and the never-failing address of his servant Komeh, whose qualities of browbeating and intimidation were invaluable.

All things being ready for the journey, each man mounted his camel, and the little cavalcade turning its face towards the east, went off in its 'noiseless track over the broad expanse, as a vessel spreads its sail, and slips quietly to sea; while the minarets of Cairo grew fainter and fainter, till we lost them in the red and dusky hue of an Egyptian atmosphere.' The sensations on first riding a camel are 'singular and half-dreamy,' but after a time, the position on a broad pile of carpets, along with the see-saw motion, becomes painfully fatiguing, and the traveller longs for repose. The route followed was that now taken by the overland mails to Suez, and the party encamped for the night near the first station. Off again next morning—and the same route continued. The practice is to start early, before the sun has gained his power. The mornings are described as delicious. While the sun is not yet up, but under the light of a growing radiance in the east, 'it is for some time delightful to walk over the fine shining gravel surface of the silent desert, my cheerful Komeh by my side, with his pipe, and the Arabs in straggling groups coming up slowly behind. What most surprised me was the elasticity of spirits I generally experienced in the wilderness. The dry pure air probably had much to do with this. Sometimes the sense of free movement over the boundless expanse was indescribably and wildly ecstatic; in general, the incidents of our little caravan seemed sufficient stimulus, and a universal cheerfulness prevailed among us in those hours of dawn.'

Very different was the feeling when the sun had gained a noontide ascendancy, and every living thing was overcome with the intolerably heated glare. 'The camels,' says our author, in his vividly pictorial style, 'now groan with distress; the Arabs are silent, slipping from time to time alongside the water-skins, and, with their mouths to the orifice, catching a few gulps without stopping; then burying their head in the ample bernous, pace on again quietly, hour after hour. The water, which smacks of the leathern bottle, or zemzemia, in which it is contained, warm, insipid, and even nauseous, seems but to increase the parching thirst; the brain is clouded and paralysed by the intolerable sultriness; and with the eyes protected by a handkerchief from the reflected glare of the sand, and swaying listlessly to and fro, I keep at the same horrible pace along the burning sand. . . . The hot film, like the glow of a kiln, now trembles over the glittering sands, and plays the most fantastic tricks with the traveller, cheating his vision with an illusory supply of what his senses madly crave. Half-dozing, half-dreaming, as I advanced, lulled into vague reverie, the startling

MIRAGE, shifting with magic play, expands in gleaming blue lakes, whose cool borders are adorned with waving groves, and on whose shining banks the mimic waves, with wonderful illusion, break in long glittering lines of transparent water—bright, fresh water, so different from the leathery decoction of the zemzemia. On our approach the vision recedes, dissolves, combines again into new forms, all fancifully beautiful; then slowly fades, and leaves but the burning horizon, upon which, at rude intervals, is seen perhaps a dim black speck, appearing over the rolling sandy swell like a ship far out at sea. The film of the desert gives it gigantic dimensions as it approaches: it proves, as it nears us, to be a caravan of camels from Suez, coming along with a noiseless tread; a few laconic words are exchanged between the Arabs without stopping; in another hour it is left far behind, until again it disappears from vision. Thus pass the sultry and silent hours of noon. There is a terrible and triumphant power of the sun upon this wide region of sterility and death, like that of a despot over a realm blighted by his destructive sway; no trace of verdure is there but the stunted shrub, which struggles at wide intervals about the sandy bed of some dried water-course; no sign of living thing but the burrow of the rat, the slimy trail of the serpent, or the carcase of the camel, who makes his grave as well as his home in the wilderness, met with in every stage of decay; from the moment when the vultures have but just fleshed their beaks in his fallen corpse, till, stripped of every integument, the wind whistles through the ghastly framework of his naked ribs, and his bones, falling asunder, and bleached by heat and wind, serve to mark the appointed track upon which his strength was spent.' After a day of this kind, how grateful the cool of evening, and how entrancing the spectacle of the great clear firmament, studded with sparkling orbs! 'No wonder that of old the shepherds of the desert were worshippers of the stars!'

After reaching Suez, the traveller pursued a route on the eastern side of the gulf of the same name towards the rocky district of Sinai, which occupies the narrow part of the peninsula formed by the Gulf of Suez on the west, and the Gulf of Akabah on the east. The track pursued was pretty nearly that followed by the Israelites after their escape from Egypt, and led into a mountainous region, rocky, grand, and generally sterile, but interspersed with sweet little valleys, ravine-like water-courses, or *wadys*, and spots rendered fertile by springs. In wandering through these solitudes, the mind is awed, not more by the rugged grandeur of the scenery, than by historical associations, and the visible traces of a civilised people long since extirpated. As a traveller in search of what could derive aid from the pencil, Mr Bartlett, with much toil and danger among precipitous rocks, sought for certain hieroglyphical carvings which have engaged the inquiries of the learned. His search was rewarded; and under an umbrella, to shelter him from the scorching heat of the sun, he was able to copy these remarkable tablets, which are accordingly represented in his volume. 'I looked at them,' says he, 'with a feeling which more than rewarded me for my previous chagrin and toil.' The tablets, which are cut in the face of different rocks, and near, as is said, the exhausted workings of a copper mine, are Egyptian, and consist of figures of men, birds, and creatures of a combined fantastic character, the whole referring to an early period of Egyptian history, probably coeval with Suphis, the builder of the Great Pyramid, 2120 years before the Christian era. They are believed to indicate the conquest of the country by one of the Egyptian sovereigns. Besides those visited by Mr Bartlett, there are others of later date, which exhaustion prevented him from examining. In conclusion, he observes, 'Is it not almost too marvellous for belief that these tablets existed before the exodus of the Israelites, when Moses, with all his host, actually passed, beyond question, down the valley Mokatteb, or

a short distance below, on his way towards Wady Feiran and Sinai? They must be regarded, I presume, as among the most ancient sculptures in existence; and yet it is evident that when they were executed, the arts were by no means in their infancy, but that centuries at least had elapsed since their unknown and remote origin.

In Wady Maghara, through which the traveller immediately afterwards went, a vast number of inscriptions occur on the rocks, some of which could have been executed only by the aid of ladders. All, including figures of camels and other animals, are rude in figure, and from the most careful examination, they appear to be comparatively modern; a reasonable conjecture making them out to be memorials of the passage of early Christian pilgrims to the heights of Sinai. To the towering and jagged peaks of the celebrated mountain Mr Bartlett was now bound, and we must leave to the imagination his account of the magnificent scenery which was here unfolded to his view. With regard to which is the true Sinai of the Bible, there are various opinions; some contending for Mount Serbal, which is 6342 feet above the Red Sea; while others favour the claims of Mount St Catherine, 1700 feet higher. On the summit of the Serbal is a huge block of granite, to which the traveller clambered, and found on it a Sinaitic inscription. The view from the top of this exposed protuberance extended from the Red Sea to Egypt, and across the desert north-eastward to the hills of Edom and Palestine; embracing, indeed, the whole scene of the Israelitish wanderings, and in whose wild bosom an entire generation was entombed.

Travellers through the region of Sinai frequently observe the ruins of chapels, cells, convents, and other places of devotional resort in past times. Some of these date their origin from an early period in the history of the church, while others were established during the fervour of the Crusades, and the possession of Palestine by the Christians. A few survived the Saracenic conquests, being tolerated on payment of a certain annual tribute; but all are now deserted except the convent of St Catherine, which is occupied by a reduced establishment of Greek monks under a superior. The convent of St Catherine, which is situated in a valley on one of the slopes of the mountain of that name, forms a useful and hospitable place of reception for travellers, who, however, as at an inn, are expected to leave a sum (100 piastres, equal to a pound) for several days' living. The convent is a collection of buildings walled round like a fort; and for security, the only access is by a door at the height of thirty feet, to which travellers are drawn up by a windlass.

By the superior of the convent Mr Bartlett was kindly received and entertained; and here enjoying repose for a few days, he was able to observe the nature of the establishment and the appearance of its environs, and by favour was permitted to dine in the old vaulted refectory with the monks. The most interesting building within the enclosure is the church. 'On entering it for the first time, I was both pleased and surprised: although somewhat spoiled by tasteless and gaudy decoration, it is a fine simple solemn basilica, built in the time of Justinian, and is kept with the nicest care by the brethren. Leaning against a carved seat, I waited through the service, of which I understood nothing, but which is described by a previous traveller as "simple, dignified, and solemn, consisting in great part in the reading of the Gospels, with the touching responses and chants of the Greek ritual." . . . It was affecting to see some very old men come tottering in from a side-passage during the service, whose beards, long to their girdles, as they knelt down, swept the marble pavement; and who, after a brief but earnest prostration in prayer, withdrew, failing nature being apparently unequal to the fatigues of an entire service. . . . The floor is of inlaid marble. The altar-screen is highly, but not tastefully decorated; and, like the rest of the building, is ornamented with pictures of saints, male and female, painted

in the Byzantine style, on a ground of gold. Numerous silver lamps add to the richness of the effect. Behind the altar is the chapel, over the spot where the Burning Bush is supposed to have stood: upon it the utmost richness of decoration has been lavished; and the floor is covered with costly carpets. This holy spot may not be visited without taking off one's shoes. The relics of St Catherine, whose body, after martyrdom at Alexandria, was conveyed, according to tradition, to the summit of the neighbouring mountain, to which she has given her name, are also preserved with great veneration in another chapel.' . . . The library of the convent contains, according to Burckhardt, fifteen hundred Greek books, and seven hundred Arabic manuscripts: the inmates are not described as literary.

Our traveller visited the garden of the convent, an enclosure which, by care, produces some useful fruits and herbs. In the midst of the garden, and partly below the ground, is situated the cemetery or charnel-house, where the earthly remains of the monks are consigned to their repose. Here was shown a large collection of bones arranged in 'ghastly symmetry, arm-bone to arm-bone, thigh-bone to thigh-bone, in a compact pile, with a mass of upheaped skulls; but this spectacle was less ghastly than a sight which presented itself in an inner vault. This was the skeleton of an anchorite, who appeared to have been conveyed from the solitary cell in the mountains, just as he was found after encountering alone the terrors of the last enemy, fixed in the convulsive form that nature took in the parting struggle: the close-clenched hands, the emaciated head sunk on the bony chest, the attitude of agonizing supplication—with some few rags of his hair-shirt yet clinging to his frame—all gave to this skeleton the ghastliness of life in death, and told of long years of self-inflicted penance and solitary agony endured by its parted tenant.' What a picture! But adjoining there was a fully more extraordinary exhibition. 'In a box close by were the remains of two hermits, traditionally brothers, of exalted station, who, binding themselves by the leg with a chain, also wore out a life of penitence and prayer in the adjacent mountain. Could we know the histories of those whose mouldering relics lie here before us, how often, indeed, might truth appear stranger than fiction, reality beyond the wildest visions of romance!'

We have now, we think, presented a sufficient specimen of the contents of this pleasing book of travel, and shall hasten to a conclusion. From Sinai Mr Bartlett and his party proceeded to the head of the Gulf of Akabah, where, procuring an escort of Arabs, he proceeded to Petra, a deserted city, abounding in elegant rock carvings, in the recesses of the land of Edom. Petra, which has latterly been frequently described, did not fall short of the traveller's expectations. During the occupancy of Syria by the Romans, it was an entrepôt of commerce between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, as it had been centuries before; and now it became enriched with those Greek and Roman monuments which survive till the present day. By the Saracens the place was utterly sacked, and rendered desolate. Mr Bartlett's sketches of the defaced but still magnificent sculptures in Petra are the most valuable in the book; while his descriptions convey a good general idea of the locality and its singular appearance. Prophecy, as is well known, points to the desolation of Edom, and its present condition closely accords with the fate which was said to await it. But our author takes leave to say that 'a minute application of particular passages in a well-known work [Keith?] on the subject is not borne out by facts. The passage, "None shall pass through it for ever," alluded, doubtless, to the total breaking up of the great commercial routes, as well as its general abandonment and ruin; and not, as is fancifully supposed in the work in question, to the utter exclusion even of a single passenger or traveller, inasmuch as caravans of Arabs are, and probably ever have been, in the habit of going to and fro in different directions; and

numerous travellers also of late years passed unharmed through the length and breadth of the land.'

Here we take leave of Mr Bartlett, again recommending his volume to attention at this festive season, and venturing a hope that he will next year present us with an equally agreeable production of his pen and pencil.

ROBERT BLUM.

Among the remarkable characters thrown up from the depths to the surface of society by the recent continental revolutions, not one perhaps is more remarkable than Robert Blum, one of the leaders of the German republican party. The following is an outline of the fortunes of this individual, as given in the newspapers; and it will be admitted that if the history were fully written, it would indeed 'furnish one of the most remarkable of biographies, full of vicissitude and suffering, but showing an energy of mind continually rising superior amid every struggle, and crowned at last by success and fame, only to close by a bloody death.'

He was born on the 10th of November 1807 (the birthday of Luther, it is remarked) at Cologne, on the Rhine. His father was a student, who failed in his examination for the church, and became first a cooper, and afterwards a needle-maker, but could scarcely earn his bread in either trade from bad health. He died, leaving three children; and the mother contracted a second marriage with a day-labourer, one of the class that lives by loading and unloading the barges on the Rhine. This man had children by a former marriage, and the union of the two families increased the misery of both. In the disastrous years 1816 and 1817 they were brought down to absolute starvation, and the boy Robert was obliged to contribute to the existence of all by his talents for—begging! Even at this early age he had a certain gift of language, a power of persuasion that was difficult to resist; and it is recorded that, by his pathetic description of the dreadful condition of the family, he opened the heart of an old miserly uncle, who had never before been known to part with a penny, but who sent him home loaded with a supply of food, and enriched with a piece of silver!

A sister of his father subsequently paid the small sum required for his attendance at the Jesuits' school, and his progress was so rapid as to excite wonder. He then became one of the boys who attend the priest during the celebration of mass, having in the intervals of the services to watch the open church. In these solitary hours, instead of becoming impressed with the solemnity of the place, he fell into religious doubts, especially on one of the principal tenets of the Catholic church. He explained them to the priest, and was enjoined a penance for his presumption. He refused to perform it, and left church and priest to seek his fortune elsewhere. He did not possess the 'letter of recommendation'—a good countenance; but, among his other fatalities, had to struggle against the unfavourable impressions made by his ungainly, not to say repulsive, appearance. He became first the shop-boy of a tinman, and then the general servant and candle-snuffer of a theatre—exhibited talents and honesty, and was made cashier and money-taker. He followed the manager from town to town for some years, collected books, read, and at last wrote for the annuals and journals with great success. At length he fixed himself in Leipzig as a bookseller, plunged into politics, and showed that he possessed unequalled powers of eloquence—powers that not even his opponents could deny, and which frequently they could not resist.

His influence over the people became immense, and more than once he proved it by restraining them within the bounds of peace and order. He was chosen a member of the municipality; and when the German Diet was summoned at Frankfort, under the new system, he was immediately elected one of the deputies for Saxony. In

it he was the recognised leader of the extreme Left, or Liberals. When the emperor of Austria fled from Vienna the last time, Blum was deputed by the Frankfort Assembly to bear to the Viennese the resolution of the Assembly, that Vienna had deserved well of Germany. Unfortunately for him (but whether it will prove to be unfortunate for the country at large remains to be seen), he was taken prisoner, tried by a court-martial, and his life has been the sacrifice. A violent protest against his imprisonment, signed by Blum, and handed in to the military authorities, expedited, if it did not occasion his execution. The protest was delivered in at four o'clock the 8th November; at six o'clock M. Blum was tried, and at half-past seven he was led out to be shot. About an hour and a-half before the time of execution, a chaplain was deputed to visit him, and prepare him for death, of which he had as yet had no notice. At first he could not believe the messenger of death, but the gloomy tidings were soon corroborated by official intelligence. He afterwards appeared quite calm and collected, remarking to the chaplain, 'You know, perhaps, that I am a German Catholic; I trust, therefore, you will exempt me from auricular confession.' The minister, being of his own persuasion, of course assented. Blum then begged a little time to write to his wife, children, and mother, which was granted. Afterwards the chaplain and he conversed a good deal together. Blum was still very calm, and expressed his pleasure that he had become acquainted with such a 'worthy and truly Christian man.' 'I wish,' said he, 'to leave you a remembrance, but I have only my hair-brush left; will you accept that from me, and thereby afford me my last pleasure?'

He was now summoned to proceed to death. An officer approached to put him in irons, but he said, 'I will die as a free German; you will believe my word that I will not make a ridiculous attempt to escape; spare me your chains.' His request was granted, and the procession moved on, guarded by two thousand military. As they proceeded, Blum was much affected, and wept. But he was soon calm again, and remarked to those with him, 'Yes, Robert Blum has wept, but not the delegate Blum—he dies with a free conscience; but the husband, the father—I thought of my dear wife and children.'

About half-past seven they arrived at the place of execution. Blum stepped out of the carriage, and inquired who was to shoot him. The answer was, the 'Jäger.' Blum replied, 'I am glad of that; the Jäger mark well: on the 26th of October they wounded me in the shoulder.' As they were going to blindfold him, he expressed a wish to die 'looking death in the face;' but the commanding officer told him that the Jäger would aim better if they did not see his eyes. Blum answered, 'Since that is the case, I willingly submit.' He then spoke his last words: 'I die for German freedom: for that I have fought. My country, forget me not!' As is the custom, the provost begged three times for mercy; after which nine men stepped forward, and fired: the two first balls struck him—one in the eye, and the other on the left side of the breast.

On Monday the news arrived in Leipzig, and caused much sensation. In the evening, a great town's meeting was held in the Odéon, when many resolutions were passed, among which were—'That all friends of Blum should wear signs of mourning, either on their hats or on their breasts'—'That his corpse should be brought to Leipzig'—and that an anniversary of his death should be held.' After the meeting, the people marched in great numbers to the Austrian consul's residence, and pulled down his coat of arms, and carried it to the market-place, where they first hung it upon a lamp-post, and afterwards trampled upon it, and smashed it to pieces. Other riots took place in the evening, but were suppressed by the Communal Guard. A much more satisfactory demonstration was made by the formation of a subscription-committee for the benefit of Blum's widow and four children.

In the meantime, the Frankfort Assembly has almost unanimously passed a decree, in which it protests 'before all Germany against the arrest and execution of the

deputy Robert Blum, which took place in contempt of the law of the empire of the 30th of September, and summons the ministry of the empire to take the most energetic measures to cause those persons to be tried and punished who took part, directly or indirectly, in his arrest and execution.' So much for the beggar boy of Cologne!

THE MISSPENT GUINEA.

I AM blest, or sometimes I am tempted to say troubled, with a domestic, whose long service in the family of forty years and upwards entitles her, in her own estimation, to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of an actual member of it; and as she has not a known relative living, and not a friend that I am aware of, except ourselves, poor Dolly's claims to consideration and compassion are certainly paramount, and of these she takes due advantage, lecturing, schooling, domineering, and prophesying by turns. The last-mentioned accomplishment is combined with fortune-telling, by means of a pack of singularly dirty cards, and also by the grounds that remain at the bottom of tea-cups: she is an adept at this; and not a marriage or death takes place in the family, even to the fourteenth cousinships, without Dolly foretelling it. She still adheres to the ancient quaint style of costume, formerly permitted to persons in her class: the short jacket and looped-up petticoat, the linen caps with broad borders, the black worsted hose, and thick high-heeled shoes, which, together with checked aprons, and housewifely ponderous pockets, like a pair of panniers balancing each other at her sides, complete her attire. Dolly is a weird, withered-looking crone now; but if traditional lore reports truthfully, in her youth Dolly Mayflower was a comely arch damsel, winning hearts heedlessly, until her own turn came at length, and her own heart was given away, and well-nigh broken into the bargain, for the gallant sailor to whom she was betrothed perished in the war. Years and years have glided by since then, and she never but once alluded to this passage in her history, when she also displayed the hoarded relic of her life—a bunch of blue ribbons, Jamie's last parting gift. Blue is her favourite colour, the navy her standing toast; and never does a beggar, who gives himself out for an unlucky tar, equipped in straw-hat and naval jacket, solicit relief, but Dolly's soft heart melts, the huge receptacles for odd pence are dived into, and though often imposed on, her eyes continue wilfully blind. Report also speaks of Dolly's having been one of a happy and respectable family; but dark shadows rest over the details, and I never heard them explained until within the last few months, from Dolly's own lips; the circumstances leading to the recital were as follows:—

A lady of my acquaintance, the wife of an officer in the army, completed a beautiful present of her own handiwork, which she designed as an offering for the Princess-Royal on her birthday; but understanding that her gracious Majesty had altogether forbidden the practice of sending gifts to the royal children, her chagrin was unbounded, and loud and long were her lamentations over wasted time and wretchedness. Dolly, who is of course a privileged personage, and knew the lady extremely well, volunteered her opinion and remarks—all tending, as she supposed, to consolation.

For her part, she would rather have any gift rejected than accept one from royal hands, however great the benefit or honour conferred!

Dolly, in making this announcement, displayed unusual agitation and vehemence of demeanour, but declined to afford explanation *then*, merely affirming that royal gifts always brought ill-luck to the recipients. Knowing her invincible obstinacy on every point where her ignorant prejudices or opinions were concerned, I made no remark, but patiently awaited the elucidation which I foresaw was forthcoming. Nor was I wrong in my supposition, as of her own accord she narrated the circumstances piecemeal, which I will put together for

the reader's benefit; merely premising that Dolly related them in corroboration of a favourite superstition, entirely setting aside the useful lesson inculcated.

About thirty-six years ago, Dolly's father had presented a fine hale specimen of the honest English woodman, a hewer of forest giants, living amid the sweet scenes of nature. He was employed in thinning and felling some ancient plantations bounding the Duchess of Brunswick's grounds, at a part where the wooden palings had given way, separating the grounds from the adjacent park, thus leaving a picturesque gap, which gave to view the woodland glades, and green savannas, and the graceful fawns darting across in all directions. His son was working in company with Saul Mayflower, and a young girl of about sixteen rested on the prostrate trunk of a fallen tree, having brought the labourers' dinner from the village, entering by the park and through the gap. She was now waiting until the hungry men had finished their welcome meal; but she did not long sit still, for, with the wild exuberance of youthful innocent spirits, she bounded hither and thither, her fair locks streaming on the wind, her frolic laugh re-echoing through the glades, and her blue eyes lit up with animation and delight. Presently she espied a plank lying directly across the tree on which she had been seated. 'Oh what a beautiful see-saw, if I had but a playfellow!' she exclaimed; and as if her wish had been heard, just at that moment a young lady, apparently ten or eleven years old, plainly attired in a white frock and coarse straw-bonnet, emerged from the surrounding shrubberies, and standing still for a space to contemplate the group before her, suddenly bounded forward, and seated herself on the vacant end of the inviting plank. With shouts of laughter that were perfectly heartfelt, as if such liberty was novel and enchanting to the last degree, and she was determined to make the most of it, the young lady began singing, 'Here we go up, up, up! and here we go down, down, down!' and not behind-hand was her companion, nothing loath to be so congenially met. They romped, they sang, and were in the height of their glorious merriment, when two stately ladies, attended by a venerable gentleman, came quickly forward, evidently in search of the runaway; but though the young lady appeared startled, she was not in the least daunted, and it seemed clear there would be a struggle for her own way. There was somewhat in her noble and truly English countenance which savoured of high spirit and command; and though she too was fair, with brown hair and blue eyes, how marked the contrast between herself and her peasant playfellow! Yet both were pretty creatures, and the latter looked the happiest and least thoughtful. Respectful remonstrances, and a whispered communication from one of the ladies, seemed to influence the charming little lady into regaining her decorous propriety again; she in her turn gravely advanced to the old gentleman and whispered a request, the import of which may be guessed from the fact of his taking out a purse, and with a low reverence placing in her hand a bright golden guinea. She then turned towards her late companion, pleasantly asking, 'What is your name?' and when the answer was given of 'Alice Mayflower,' rejoicing, 'Mine is Charlotte: keep this for my sake; and sometimes remember our happy moments in the woods together.'

The golden guinea was transferred to Alice Mayflower's hand, and the young lady led off by her attendants; but more than once she looked back, nodding her head; and when the last shred of her white robe had disappeared, then, and not till then, did those she had left recover speech, for, said Saul Mayflower, 'That was the Princess Charlotte! I saw her alight from her carriage this very morning when she came to visit her grandmother. God bless her—God bless her sweet face and kind heart!'

What an immense sum this golden guinea appeared to Alice Mayflower—what inexhaustible riches! She

hung it round her neck, suspended by a gay ribbon; but she looked at it so often, that at length she thought it would be very pleasant to have something prettier than that, which she might still wear in honour of the gracious donor. In the village a new shop was opened, and such splendid things were sold there! earrings—'real gold earrings,' the ticket said—for 'half a guinea;' still she would have 'a half' left; and the earrings were 'so lovely'—'such a bargain!' Why should not she have earrings? There was Nelly Smith had a pair of coral ones, and Sally Muggins had a necklace. Poor Alice Mayflower! she needed a mother's care: she had lost hers at her first entrance into the world. Her only sister, nearly fifteen years her senior, was in distant service, for Saul Mayflower could not support two daughters at home; and Alice cooked and washed for her father, and kept the cottage neat. And Saul loved her so tenderly—the youngest darling of his age, so fair and frolicsome she was too—that he fairly spoilt her, and could not bear to say nay when he ought to have done so.

When Alice sported her earrings, he chided her for changing the royal gift for such thriftless baubles; but when he saw how well she became them, as she tossed her head, shaking back the luxuriant curls to show them off better, what more could he say? It was an innocent wish to possess the finery after all. Alas! weak father, in after-days you looked back with bitter remorse and self-reproach for not having checked in the bud those first insidious approaches of the enemies to domestic purity and peace—female vanity, and the love of finery and display. Alice had still another half-guinea remaining; but she never rested till that was also gone: it seemed to burn her neck as it hung there. Bright colours would show off her earrings to better advantage; and having once given way to her ruling passion, and found that it reigned paramount to all other considerations, it was not long ere she found the means to gratify it more fully than she could ever hope to do in her poor father's cot, clad in the homely garb of her station. A lady of fashion, whose villa residence was situated in the vicinity of Alice Mayflower's native village, having just parted with her personal attendant, required a 'good-looking' young woman to fill the vacant situation; and many circumstances, all trivial in themselves, but tending towards the same conclusion, finally ended in the inexperienced Alice becoming lady's-maid on short notice, and after but little consideration.

Saul wished the lady with whom his Alice was to live had been older, and not quite so gay and flighty; but he had not the heart to prevent his dear child's aggrandizement, for she intreated his leave to go. She longed to see the world, and the wages promised were most liberal. Perhaps the father's strongest reason for consenting was, that he found times were 'not so good as they had been;' the woodman's employment must fail as age crept on; and it was as well Alice should make friends for herself. Alice would often, very often, come and see him when they (for already she classed herself with her mistress) were not in London; and so she departed, full of gaiety and pleasurable anticipations.

To follow poor Alice Mayflower's downward progress were needless, as well as painful. Suffice it to say, that the lady to whose care she was confided was one who, provided that her domestics were honest towards herself, and contributed to her comfort, inquired and concerned herself no further. Alice fell into evil company. Her associates were unprincipled, and her career of vanity and folly ended by her being detected in the act of secreting articles beneath her shawl in a lace-shop, whither she had been sent on a commission from her lady. A valuable piece of Mechlin lace was found in her possession on her trunks being searched; she was committed to prison; her mistress, horror-struck, would have nothing to say on her behalf, but utterly abandoned her; and she was tried, convicted, and sentenced

to seven years' transportation. Who may tell of the father's agony and despair? The poor honest man was utterly struck down: deprived of speech, and of the use of his limbs, the dreaded workhouse received him; for with all her exertions, his eldest daughter could not keep him from that, and soon his gray hairs were brought down in sorrow to the grave: and who could mourn when it closed over him? Misfortunes, it is commonly said, never come singly; and at the period when his aid was so much needed, Saul Mayflower's only son had been injured by the fall of a tree which he was engaged in felling. After he had lingered for many weeks in an hospital, death terminated his sufferings.

'And all this misery was accounted for,' sobbed Dolly, 'by my unhappy sister receiving that fatal royal gift of a golden guinea. Oh! woe the day when Alice hung it round her white neck, for it was an evil day for us all! But she died penitent, and sleeps in the convict's grave far, far away. Poor thing—poor thing!'

'Has it never struck you, my good, dear Dolly,' said I, 'that the fault existed in your sister's mind, and might have been brought out by a thousand other circumstances as well as the trifle you blame?'

'But would she ever have got the earrings, if it hadn't been for the guinea?' urged Dolly, indignant at my stupidity. 'Why, ma'am, if our own dear sovereign lady was to offer me, with her own fair hands, a bit o' gold with her beautiful likeness stamped on it, do you think I'd dare take it?'

'I do not think you will ever be tried, good Dolly,' answered I, 'or I wouldn't be too sure of the result, seeing that your capacious pockets often need replenishing; for begging sailors are singularly numerous at our gate, and snuff is a dear luxury—is it not, Dolly?'

THE DIFFERENT EUROPEAN RACES.

At a moment like the present, when the various contests now agitating this quarter of the globe are assuming an aspect of strife betwixt race and race, some short review of the different European races may not be uninteresting.

At the spread of the Roman power, two great nations occupied the greater part of western Europe—the Celts and Iberians. That event, and the subsequent irruption of the Teutonic tribes, which overran the Roman Empire, led at last to an amalgamation of the invaders and invaded, and thus those two races have to a considerable extent lost their individuality—the Iberians, indeed, almost wholly so. Their blood is still the prevailing element in the population of most of the countries of western Europe; but the unmixed nations of their lineage are now comparatively few. In the early days of Rome the Celts inhabited Gaul, the British islands, and parts of Spain and Italy. At present they are the natives of the greater part of Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, and Isle of Man, calling themselves 'Gael;' and the people of Wales, Cornwall in England, and Brittany in France, who are termed 'Kymry.' Those two divisions of the Celtic family have distinct dialects of their ancient language, which they all still retain except the Cornish, who lost theirs in the beginning of the last century, after having been on the decline for generations. The last who spoke it were the fishermen and market-people about the Land's End. Celtic blood is much mingled in the nations of Spain and Italy; and in France, notwithstanding the many settlements of invaders, the main stock of the population is undoubtedly Celtic. On consideration this will not appear surprising: the Romans, the first conquerors of France, were partly of Celtic origin themselves, as is apparent from their language; and the Franks, the subsequent invaders, were never so numerous as the original inhabitants who remained. In the east and south of France, in the parts appropriated by the Burgundians and Visigoths, and in Normandy, the settlement of the Northmen, the Teutonic admixture is most obvious; in Brittany, as

before-mentioned, the inhabitants are pure Celts; in Gascony (so called from the Uascones), Iberian blood probably predominates. In person the Celts are spare and hardy. There have been many disputes as to their original complexion: Caesar speaks of them as red-haired: they are now, however, much darker than their Teutonic brethren; their eyes are generally black or gray; they are active in mind and body, impetuous, imaginative, hospitable, from their old clan-customs more obedient to persons than principles, and more devoted to kindred than country. Their greatest evil is an unhappy proneness to intestine strife, which has been beyond doubt the most potent cause of their decline in those countries they once exclusively possessed.

Our earliest notices of the Iberians are as the inhabitants of the Spanish Peninsula, whence they pushed themselves into Southern Gaul, Sardinia, and Corsica. As a distinct people they have nearly disappeared. Modern investigation tends to prove that the Basques of Spain and France are their representatives. In all those countries where they once dwelt—Spain, Portugal, Gascony, Sardinia, &c.—they still form an important ingredient in the very diversified population; a diversity in appearance, temperament, language, and costume, which, visible all over southern Europe, is nowhere perhaps so strongly-marked as in Spain—diversity owing to the variety in surface and climate, and deficiency in internal communication keeping alive the characteristics of the many races who from age to age have colonised or conquered there—Celt and Iberian, Greek and Roman, Teuton and Moor. The tall Catalan, in long red cap, and long sash-girt trousers, with his rough manner and restless enterprise, is different from the sullen, listless Murcian; the affable but treacherous Valencian, with animated features, and loose mantle, chequered like the Scottish tartan, is the reverse of the grave, stately, high-minded Castilian; while the Andalusian—boastful, graceful, and gay, the dandy of Spain—is the very antipode of the simple, honest Gallego, in his coarse garb and hobnailed shoes. Teutonic blood is more evident in Galicia, Asturias, and Catalonia than elsewhere in the Peninsula; Moorish blood in the south; and Iberian, or Celt-Iberian, in the other provinces. The Basques, the representatives of the Iberians, are a bold, sturdy population. Their character comprises many valuable qualities—honesty, frugality, cheerfulness, industry, and a high spirit of independence. Of the origin of the older Italian nations—the Etruscans, Umbrians, &c.—we know nothing for certain. The Celts had undoubtedly large possessions in Italy, and the Iberians probably some colonies. The Greeks had also large settlements. Indeed Sicily and South Italy, called from this circumstance Magna Græcia, were to a great extent colonised by them. On the downfall of Rome, the Teutonic tribe of the Longobards settled in, and gave their name to, Lombardy. In the middle ages, the Normans and Spaniards conquered in the south, and the Saracens also in Sicily. From all these circumstances, and the subdivision of the country into independent states, the population is of almost as varied a character as in Spain. The steady, plodding Lombard shows his Teutonic origin; the Greek is the predominating element in the mercu-rial Plapopotitan.

Germany and Scandinavia were the original countries of the Teutons, and in those countries they still continue unadulterated. The various proportions of their admixture with the population in southern Europe has been already noticed. The unmixed nations of this race are the Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Icelanders, Dutch, and by far the greater proportion of the Swiss, English, Lowland Scotch, and British colonists in the north of Ireland. The Belgians are chiefly Teutons, too, with a mingling of French blood. The Teutons are the most widely-spread of all the European races. The qualities most prominent in their character, and which have contributed mainly to their present diffusion and progress, are enterprise, patience, and per-

severance; generally speaking, they are more orderly and more industrious, more reserved and graver in demeanour than their neighbours. In person they are of good size and robust, light or brown haired, and blue or brown eyed. As they occupy almost exclusively their various countries, they require a briefer notice than has been bestowed on the more complicated races.

Another widely-diffused race, the Slavonians, is spread over eastern Europe. The nations of their stock are the Russians and Poles, the Bohemians, Moravians, Carinthians, Carniolans, and Wendes, in Germany; the Slovaks, in Hungary; the Croats, Slavonians, Servians, Dalmatians, Montenegrins, Bosniaks, and Bulgarians. With generally excellent qualities of head and heart, the Slavonians are in a much less advanced state of civilisation than the majority of the nations of western Europe. Feudalism prevails amongst them still. In the present day, the project of a Pan-slavonia, or great United Slavonic Empire, has been broached; but we fear such a powerful union of half-civilised states would be anything but favourable for the progress of European liberty and refinement.

Without reckoning the more mixed races—the French, Spaniards, &c.—the number of the comparatively pure races already enumerated has been estimated as follows:—

Celts, about	9,000,000
Iberians,	600,000
Teutons (in Europe and America),	62,000,000
Slavonians,	70,000,000

The other great families inhabiting Europe are the Asiatic race of the Magyars of Hungary, and the Fins who dwell in the north of Europe: though these two nations have a similar origin and cognate languages, there is no resemblance between them in manners or person. The Magyars are a handsome social people; the Fins, though honest and hospitable, are gloomy and repulsive in manner, and of sinister uncouth appearance, which was probably the cause of their old reputation for necromancy, which they retain even still with some of our own sailors. To the Finnish race belong the Laplanders, Livonians, Esthes, &c. The Vlaches of Wallachia and Moldavia (the former Dacia), and the fierce natives of Albania (the old Illyria), are supposed to be the aborigines of those countries. The once glorious nation of the Greeks is still a fine people, though now in a semi-civilised condition, very different from their former high estate. They are not confined to Greece, but spread largely over European Turkey, the coasts of Asia Minor, the Archipelago, and Levant.

And now that, in the present day, the project has been started by Germans and Slavonians of collecting the various nations of the same race under the same government, it may not be improper to consider a little its merits. Its objects are to confirm and strengthen nationality, and preserve a greater purity of race. The preservation of nationality is both desirable and praiseworthy, and should be with every nation a primary care. In other respects we fear this plan will be less advantageous. An amalgamation of races has (in western Europe at least) been invariably found beneficial. The present progressive character of the British people has by many been attributed to the circumstance of their being so much mixed; and this will appear to have considerable show of reason, when we reflect that the Teutons and Celts are races so contrasted, that the deficiencies in one are almost invariably the prominent characteristics of the other—Teutonic perseverance and patience, and Celtic impetuosity and quickness of perception; Celtic social graces, and Teuton practical ability. Teutonic intellect is generally considered profounder and slower than the Celtic. The first people of the feudal days, in force of character and military prowess, was unquestionably the Normans. In the various countries of their conquests they exhibited a more enduring mental energy than the Celts, more mental activity than the Teutons, proceeding from their being a compound of the two races. In the present day,

the Provençals of France and the Catalans of Spain are the least unmixed nations of their respective countries, and both mentally and physically are certainly inferior to no other Spaniards or Frenchmen.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

A loud and laughing welcome to the merry Christmas bells!
All hail! with happy gladness, to the well-known chant that swells:

We list the pealing anthem chord, we hear the midnight strain,
And love the tidings that proclaim Old Christmas once again.
But there must be a melody of purer, deeper sound,
A rich key-note whose echo runs through all the music round;
Let kindly voices ring beneath low roof or palace dome,
For these alone are carol chimes that bless a Christmas home.

ELIZA COOK.

AMIDST the disturbances of these agitated times, which have more or less affected every link in the chain of society, Christmas—merry Christmas—offers a delightful relief. With this high festival are associated joy, peace, and happiness. Those who have perhaps been separated during the rest of the year, meet then around the household altar, and thus a species of home religion is established which has a more beneficial effect than most people imagine. This social gathering creates and keeps alive bright sympathies in the heart—

* As 'mid the waste, an isle of fount and palm
For ever green'—

From time immemorial Christmas has been the most prominent festival in the calendar of 'man's devotion,' and in all Christian countries it has been hailed as a season of holy joy and gladness. In the primitive church no holiday was so marked by ceremonies.

On the three first Thursdays of December, young people went round to the different houses, singing in honour of the approaching anniversary, and wishing the inhabitants 'A merry Christmas and happy New Year,' upon which they were presented with fruit and money. Our modern 'Waits' are in imitation of this custom; they are not always 'most musical,' and but indifferent substitutions for the joyous carols of early times. In many country places there yet exists a custom for the village choir to visit the houses of the principal residents, and perform a selection of music relative to the season, when their vocal and instrumental powers are in full force; and although the sounds may not be quite in unison with a delicate ear, yet they are expressive of good-feeling and kindness of heart, and thus there is no small pleasure in listening to these rural musicians.

The Eve or Vigil of Christmas was formerly distinguished by various sports and observances, which commenced about eight o'clock in the evening, when hot cakes and ale were distributed, and carols were chanted. The singing was continued during the greater part of the night, whilst the Yule log and Christmas candles shed their cheerful glow in the lordly mansion and lowly cot. Although most of these antique customs have departed, burning the Yule log is still continued in some parts of England, more particularly in the north. Carol singing is of very ancient origin, and yet prevails on the Continent. In our island, the fashion is nearly discarded: where it is retained, it has lost much of its original character, and it is now confined to the humbler classes. Leland remarks, 'In the model of the hall sat the deane and thos of the king's chapell, whiche incontinently after the king's first course singe a caroll.' Instead of the psalms for Christmas day being read, it was customary, particularly during the evening service, for these festal hymns to be chanted, when the voices of the whole congregation were united, the clerk concluding by wishing in an audible voice, 'A merry Christmas and happy New Year' to all the parishioners. The earliest known collection of carols supposed to have been published is one of which the last

leaf bears that it was printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1521. It is now in the Bodleian Library.*

In Queen's College, Oxford, it is customary for a boar's head to form part of the fare on Christmas day. It is decorated with a wreath of bays and rosemary, and a lemon is placed in the mouth. This dish is carried into the hall on the shoulders of two men, preceded by the scholars and taberders, one of the latter, who is considered to have the finest voice, singing the following carol, and all the members of the college assembled at dinner joining in the chorus:—

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot esis in convivio.
*Caput Apri deferro,
Reddens laudes Domino.*

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which thus bedecked with a gay garland,
Let us serve cantico.
*Caput Apri deferro,
Reddens laudes Domino.*

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of Bliss,
Which on this day to be served is
In reginensi atrio.
*Caput Apri deferro,
Reddens laudes Domino.*

There is an older version of this carol given by Ritson in his book of Ancient Psalms. This ceremony has reference to an antiquated story of a boar having in days of yore been killed by a taberdor of Queen's College with a Greek Testament.

In the Isle of Man, an absurd and cruel custom formerly existed. After divine service on Christmas eve, which was performed at night, the people hunted and killed a wren, which they carried in much state to the church, and buried with many superstitious rites. In Spain, the festivities of Christmas eve in the olden times were not of a very decorous character. All the shops, stalls, booths, and warehouses were illuminated and crowded with visitors—it was a time of general merriment. Every one who could afford it provided a supper, which invariably consisted of rice-milk, a turkey, a large tart, sweetmeats, and the best wines, according to the ability of the entertainer. The company spent much of the night in dancing and private theatricals. Before their separation, a manger was represented, containing the Virgin and the infant Jesus, surrounded by Joseph, the shepherds, an ox and an ass. These were arranged on a little stage brilliantly illuminated. Some of these mangers were very costly, and frequently brought into Spain from Bohemia a short time before Christmas. During the celebration of midnight mass, the greatest license prevailed. The congregation pelted the priests with apples and chestnuts, the *seguidilla* was played, and at the conclusion of the service the *fandango* was permitted. *Vallanciros*, or Christmas staves, set to the most popular airs, were sung; but they bore no semblance of devotion, and were performed in all the theatres during the first four weeks after Christmas. These unseemly and irreverent proceedings have, however, been discontinued for very many years. The Council of Braga, A.D. 563, strictly enjoined the commemoration of the Nativity, and directed anathemas to be pronounced on all those who did not duly honour this day of rejoicing. It was imagined by some, that as the Holy Child was born in a manger, the day should be kept in fasting and humility; but one of the Fathers observes, 'The contempt of the place was took off by the glory of the attendance and ministrations of angels.'

In the days of our forefathers, Christmas-day was that on which not only relations assembled, but the

* New Curiosities of Literature, and Book of the Months. By George Swayne.

baronial hall was filled with retainers of every degree, 'keeping their Christmas holiday;' all partook of their lord, which was bestowed with no sparing hand. Besides the ponderous baron of beef, roasted kid, venison pasties, and innumerable other good things, the festive board was graced by a peacock, which, according to a manuscript in the possession of the Royal Society, was roasted, after which the feathers were replaced by a skilful artist. This manuscript says, 'Let hym (the peacock) coole awhile, and take and sowe hym in hys skyn, and glidde his combe, and so serve hym for the last cours.' The wassail bowl, whose merits are the theme of many an old Saxon ballad, was garlanded with holly and divers-coloured ribbons, and duly honoured by the 'goodly companie;' the evergreens which decorated the groined roof of the 'bannered hall'

'Looked down while plodging draughts were poured;'

and metheglin and hippocras went freely round. After the feast entered morris dancers, and the Lord of Misrule, with his attendants gorgeously attired, exhibited their 'merrie disports' amidst minstrelsy and mirthful sounds. Then followed the dance, in which moved in measured steps the stately dame and knightly cavalier. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 'brawls' were much in fashion. These were figure dances, in which Sir Christopher Hatton greatly excelled: to this circumstance, and to his graceful figure, much of his advancement in life has been attributed. Of this gentleman the poet Gray speaks in the following line:—

'My grave Lord-keeper led the brawls.'

YOUTH and age—rich and poor—all participated in the mirth attendant upon the season. It was truly a joyous time, and 'merriment was a matter of public concernment.' Huge logs blazed and crackled in the capacious chimney, and threw a bright glow over the old walls, wainscotted with black oak, which was almost hidden by the garniture of scarlet-berried holly and pearly mistletoe. A large piece of the latter was invariably suspended from the centre of the middle beam, beneath which many a young gallant saluted the blushing maiden, as she rested for a moment beneath the mischievous branch.

In the olden times, the festivities of Christmas were such, that a nobleman's establishment was considered incomplete unless it included persons whose only duty was to arrange them. The sovereigns of England were wont to celebrate this glorious anniversary with great pomp: the royal castle of Windsor has not unfrequently been chosen as the scene of princely mirth; more particularly in the earlier days by William Rufus, Henry I., and John, and at a later period by Queen Elizabeth.

The 26th of December still retains the old appellation of 'Boxing-Day,' from the practice of giving money to domestics and the servants of different tradesmen. The origin of these Christmas-boxes is rather obscure; but it has been accounted for in the following manner, which explanation is perhaps as satisfactory as any that can be obtained:—The Romish priests had masses said for almost everything. If a ship went out to the Indies, the priests had a box in her under the protection of some saint; and for masses to be said for them to that saint, &c. the poor people must put something into the priest's box, which was not opened till the ship's return. The mass at that time was called *Christ-mass*; the box called *Christmass-box*, or money gathered against that time, that masses might be said by the priests to the saints to forgive the people the debaucheries of that time; and from this the servants had the liberty to get box-money, that they too might be enabled to pay the priest for his masses, knowing well the trick of the proverb, "No penny, no pater-nosters."

Christmas is observed at present in Norway and Sweden much as it used to be in England. In the for-

mer country, on the morning of the festal day, the roads are thronged with sledges conveying visitors to their destinations; and the bells, which decorate the harness of the hardy little horses, make a merry tinkling in the clear frosty air. The day begins with divine service. The churches are remarkable for all absence of architectural ornament, which accords well with the simplicity of the Lutheran form of worship. The congregations are large, and evince the greatest devotion in their demeanour. The service being over, relations and neighbours assemble at different houses according to invitation, where refreshments are partaken of before dinner. This luncheon consists of a variety of viands and liqueurs; for those ladies who prefer them, sweet cordials and confectionary are provided.

This preliminary repast is scarcely ended, before dinner is announced, and the guests meet at a table supplied with

—'All eatable, cookable things,

That e'er tripped upon trotters or soared upon wings.'

Between the courses national songs are sung, and many toasts are given; the burden of them being prosperity and happiness to all.

In the evening, five boys attired in white mantles enter; the tallest holding a coloured lantern shaped like a star, and another bearing an illuminated glass box containing two wax dolls, one of which represents the Virgin, and the other the infant Jesus in a cradle. A bit of candle is moved by machinery from side to side over the cradle, signifying the Star in the East which guided the magi to the feet of the 'Young Child.' During this exhibition a carol is chanted, explanatory of the mystery. Another band of masked performers then appear, dressed *à la militaire*; their uniforms are generally rather tattered from long service, and are profusely covered with tinsel. These masquers perform a pantomime, and various antic sports, for the amusement of the lookers-on: they always meet with a welcome at every house, and are hospitably entertained. After numerous diversions, the company are summoned to supper; that being over, and a short time spent in smoking by the gentlemen, and by the ladies in chatting, fur cloaks, boots, caps, and gloves are in great requisition; and sledges fly swiftly over the snow, glittering in the bright moonlight, bearing happy guests from the mansion of their hospitable entertainers to their own homes.

The Swedes likewise are remarkable for their sociality; and at this celebration every one unites in promoting the festivities of the season, which much resemble those of the olden time in England, when mere feasting was not deemed sufficient, unless accompanied by an interchange of kindly feelings. The churches are crowded; the service commences at six o'clock in the morning; at the conclusion, the minister reads from a manuscript entitled *Personalia* the names of those who have recently died in the parish; he makes some comments on their good or bad deeds, and ends by remarking on the uncertainty of life, or some other equally impressive subject. The dwellings of all classes are thoroughly renovated, and the rooms littered with straw, in memory of the birthplace of our Saviour being a stable. Every comfort and luxury, as far as means will permit, are provided; and in the midst of their own rejoicing, the peasants never forget the inferior order of the creation. An almost universal custom exists amongst them of tying an unthrashed sheaf of corn to a pole, which they place in their gardens, or some spot contiguous to their dwellings, for the benefit of the birds, which always suffer severely from the inclemency of the weather at this season. These kind-hearted and hospitable people assign as a reason for this act of charity, that on this great anniversary all creatures should have the means of rejoicing afforded to them. Supper is on this day the chief repast, after which masked figures enter the room dressed in a grotesque manner; one carries a little bell, the other a large basket, containing a variety of presents, which are conferred upon the family and guests. Throughout Sweden, the hearty good-feeling

and cordiality with which this festival is observed extends to all classes, and is the admiration of foreigners.

In England, many ancient customs are falling into disuse—scarcely more than a shadow remains; yet, as far as is consistent with innocent mirth and harmless enjoyment, let us rescue them from extinction, and encourage their observance, and may the spirit of festivity ever accompany the feast!

'Beautifully and truly is it said "work is worship," and in like measure and like manner enjoyment is thanksgiving;' therefore these celebrations should not be observed merely from custom, but from respect to the advent they are intended to commemorate, and from the gratitude which the holy season should awaken; and as our household walls glisten with cheerful holly—

'Oh let there be some hallowed bloom to garland with the rest—
All, all must bring toward the wreath some flowerets in the breast;

For though green boughs may thickly grace low roof or palace dome,
Warm hearts alone will truly serve to deck a Christmas home!'

Saddened spirits there may and will be as each revolving Christmas-day bears witness to the loss of some long-loved companion, and when memory calls up the forms of the dead or absent; untold cares too may 'rule the hour which seems to belong to the mirthful present;' but generally it is a happy season, and rightly so. We conclude with a wish that the Christmas peal may never fail to arouse the best sympathies of our hearts, inducing those who are blessed with the good things of this life to seek to render it also a season of rejoicing for the poor and needy.

Column for Young People.

THE JACKAL.

'Oh, papa,' said a little boy one evening, in India, entering in haste into the drawing-room, 'will you take me upon your knee, for I love to sit there, and then I will relate to you my adventure of this afternoon!'

'Certainly, dear Johnny,' said Mr Smith, stroking the white curly head of his little darling. 'Come: now you have your place upon "Old Dobbin," as you call my two legs, pray proceed with your wonderful adventure.'

'Oh, papa, it was not wonderful. Did I call it so! If you give it that name, I shall think that you are making fun of me.'

'No, no, my pet,' said Mr Smith encouragingly. 'Let us have your narrative: you know that I like to hear all your little tales and stories; that I like to be your confidant; so prattle on, and you will find a patient and delighted listener in your papa.'

Johnny had regained his self-possession by this time, and thus proceeded:—'You know, papa, that my uncle at Hourah promised me a drive this evening, because I said my lesson in grammar to-day to mamma without a single mistake; so about six o'clock he passed our house and took me up. We certainly had a delightful drive of a mile or two; and I enjoyed the cool breeze upon my face; I even took off my bonnet, and let my curls fly about my head hither and thither; for in this hot weather there is no fear of catching cold. I saw several carriages and buggys with fine ladies and gentlemen, and the ladies looked quite cool and comfortable without bonnets, and their snow-white veils just thrown over their heads, fluttering in the breeze. Well, after we had seen all this, and passed some pretty houses, fine gardens, dark-looking groves, and tall cocoa-nut trees, we were about ten minutes' drive from home; and in the middle of the street was a mob collected: "Johnny," said uncle, "what can this be?" and he drew in his horse, and made him proceed slowly to where the people were. As we came closer, we heard a great chattering, and the crying of an infant. Uncle gave the reins to Sadoo the groom, who, you know, meets us always on our way home from driving, and for a short distance can keep up wonderfully with the horse, and we walked into the midst of the crowd.

"Well, my friend," said uncle, addressing an old

Brahmin, who was holding the squalling baby in his arms, "has any accident happened?"

"Yes, maharaz (or my lord): as I was in yonder grove plucking some wild flowers to strew upon the shrine of Mahadeo, I heard a plaintive cry of an infant, and lo and behold there was a thieving, prowling jackal dragging this child by the nape of the neck, and making all the haste he could to a hedge of Mysore thorn. See, here are all the marks of the rascal's teeth; and see also how he has made this tender cheek bleed. I of course made a great clamor, and brought around me a number of the neighbours, and we succeeded in rescuing the child; but who its unfortunate mother is we do not as yet know."

'The old man had scarcely stopped, when we saw a nice young woman coming up also. She approached, as we had done, from curiosity, and was carrying a *ghurrah*, or water-vessel, upon her hip. She almost covered her face, and respectfully asked the old Brahmin to let her also see the poor infant. But scarcely had she fixed her eyes upon it, when her *ghurrah* fell out of her arm, and broke into a hundred pieces; she rushed to the baby, pressed it to her bosom, beat her forehead, and began to cry out, "Why, oh why did I leave you? Oh my darling, my darling!"

"Be composed," said my uncle: "as you are the mother, the child is in good hands. Seat yourself, my good woman, upon the footboard of the buggy. I will drive you to my house, and we will do the needful for your child's injuries."

'So, after the mother and child were comfortably seated, away we drove; and as soon as uncle arrived at home, he sent for some warm water, and the child was carefully washed and dried, and uncle spread some plaster, and handed it to the woman.

"What am I to do with this, maharaz?—the baby cannot eat this!" We could hardly help laughing at her ignorance, although we were sorry for the baby; so uncle applied the plasters with his own hands; but the mother, although she seemed pleased and thankful, asked whether saffron and chamun or lime would not be better, as the Bengalees found that good for all sores and aches.

'Uncle smiled, and added, "Perhaps you may find my plasters better for *once*, my good woman; so continue them: and here is a rupee for you to buy a cradle and a piece of blanket; and do not again forget to close the door after you when you are obliged to leave your baby, and go to the tank for water." The poor mother seemed crying; she touched my uncle's feet with her forehead, and kissing and hugging her child, we watched her for a time as she slowly walked towards her hut amongst the *niem* trees.'

'Well, Johnny,' said Mr Smith, 'I must say you have told your adventure well and intelligibly; but you must not suppose now that jackals live *always* upon children: it is not often that they venture into the habitation of man to seize a living infant. A jackal is a great coward, and generally prowls about at night. Solitary jackals are constantly seen; but in the dark nights, as you know, they go in packs, and their cry is dismal. Much as we dislike these animals, they have their uses in creation. The jackal and the vulture may be reckoned the chief scavengers of our Indian clime; but for their voracious and unfastidious appetite, many a dead carcass would remain, giving out unwholesome evaporation, and make this land of fever and cholera more unhealthy than it already is.

'It was only the other day that I was breakfasting with Mr F—, when the head of the police came to report that some pilgrims had arrived from Benares in a boat, and as their homes were in one of the villages a little in the interior, they bivouacked under that tree where the butcher displays his meat, intending to go home the next day. Most of them found their way to the bazaars during the night, and but one poor, old, emaciated, careworn, moneyless pilgrim, lay down under that tree, never to rise again, for the jackals attacked the sick, feeble woman in the depth of the night, and almost picked her bones clean. If she had been able

to bestir herself a little, she might have scared her voracious enemies away; but she seems to have been unable either to call out or defend herself.

'It occasionally happens that a jackal gets rabid; and not many years since, a number of the natives, who, you know, just lie down in these hot months in the open air, or in the sheds which serve as verandas to their shops, were bitten, and got the hydrophobia; and although a reward was offered for the mad jackal, he was never caught nor killed. Jackals are fond of fruit, and if they can get access to a garden, are troublesome, and will come and devour our melons and cucumbers: they like the peaches, too, for which they watch under the trees as the ripe ones fall to the ground. The jack-fruit is a particular favourite with them; and as *that* is a fruit which grows low on the thick branches and trunks of the trees, and occasionally at the very root, sometimes underground even, the jackal has frequently an opportunity of stealing a jack, or rather of sharing it with its lawful owner. Some of these fruits, you know, are a weight for a man, although the greater part do not weigh more than four or five pounds.

'I daresay that the jackal is the animal which is spoken of in Scripture as the wild dog; for instance, those who ate up poor Jezabel's body: although the Pariah dog of our land, a poor neglected wretch, almost a personification of hunger, will greedily join in the same banquet with the vulture and jackal.

'Jackals can be tamed: but this is but seldom attempted. A doctor in my regiment, I recollect, made a pet of one, having first killed its mother in a chase: she took to the earth, and three cubs were found by the sportsmen. This denizen of the wood was fond of sugar, knew his own name, and would come readily when called; yet he had none of the attachment of a dog, and eventually ran off to his wild woods and carrion.

'The fox is frequently confounded with the jackal in India, but certainly not by the natives, who have distinct names for them. The Bengal fox never feeds on carrion, but is a clean, smart-looking little animal, about half the size of the jackal. I have seen a fox in the governor-general's park at Barrackpore so tame, that she had nestled under one of the bungalows, which was raised from the ground, and flued to make it dry, and produce a circulation of air under it. This creature might be seen sneaking out of her shelter in the dusk of the evening, and giving out a kind of faint pleasing bark; she would hunt for hours for grubs, grasshoppers, and crickets, which abound upon the beautiful sward. No one ever thought of coveting this fox's brush, Johnny: her life was held sacred; and I daresay the careful mother reared many a brood undisturbed under the protection of the Marquis of Hastings; the noble lord, perhaps, all the time ignorant who was sharing his favour. Now, my child, go and take your supper, and do not dream that a jackal is coming to carry off little Mary.'

CURIOSITIES OF BOILING WATER.

The higher we ascend, the less the pressure of the atmosphere becomes, and consequently, being to a certain extent removed from its surface, water boils at a much lower temperature than below. Many remarkable facts are dependent on this, for the nutritious principles in many kinds of common animal and vegetable food cannot be extracted at a temperature lower than 212 degrees, therefore those who live in very elevated regions, such as the plains of Mexico, &c. are deprived of many luxuries which their more fortunate, because less elevated, neighbours are capable of procuring. This is rather remarkable as relates to the monks of St Bernard, who live at the Hospice on the Alps at an elevation of 8600 feet. They are obliged to live almost entirely on fried, roasted, and baked food, as water there boils at 203 degrees, which is an insufficient heat to extract the nutritious properties from the food which they procure. Hence that isolated community, situated at the boundary of the beautiful Swiss valleys on the north, and the fertile plains of Piedmont on the south, seem, as it were, cut off from participating in many comforts, from the simple fact, that they cannot make their boiling water so hot as that of their neighbours below.—*Isaiah Deek.*

THE 'FRIEDHOF,' OR COURT OF PEACE.*

'Sweet sister, come, and let us roam away o'er the fine-arched bridge,
And gaze on the sparkling water beneath from the parapet's dizzy ridge:
Where the boats are sailing rapidly by, laden with fruit and flowers;
Away to the city behind the woods, where we see the tall dark towers.'

'No,' said the girl with the golden hair,
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer;
'I'd rather far to the Friedhof go—
The court of peace, where the lindens grow.'

'Come, come, let us hie to the free broad road—the folks are all passing that way,
With cheerful voices and gaily decked—for you know it is festival-day.

The harps are twanging beneath the trees, and there's nothing save joy and singing;
And we shall hear o'er the valley lone all the bells so merrily ringing.'

'No,' said the girl with the golden hair,
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer;
'I'd rather far to the Friedhof go—
The court of peace, where the lindens grow.'

'There are whispering leaves down this green lane amid the old crofts and trees;
It is long and winding, but sweet scents float to allure the good honey-bees;

It leads to the solemn, cloistered pile, and over the beautiful plains
Soft musical winds for ever sweep past, as if murmuring anthem strains.

'So,' said the girl with the golden hair,
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer,
'I'd rather far to the Friedhof go—
The court of peace, where the lindens grow.'

This brother and sister were parted wide; but when fleeting years rolled by,
He returned to his native land, to breathe a last and penitent sigh.
'Mid the chequered scenes of a roving life—in hut or 'neath gorgeous dome—
These words still haunted the brother's heart, and recalled the wanderer home:

'For,' said the girl with the golden hair,
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer,
'I'd rather far to the Friedhof go—
The court of peace, where the lindens grow.'

Home of the prodigal! rest for the weary! the path of the just below

Hath pleasures in store for returning sons that wanderers never can know:

A day in the court of God's holy house is better than a thousand passed

'Mid the vain world's show, and will onward lead to the court of Heaven at last.

'Thus,' said the girl with the golden hair,
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer,
'I'd rather far to the Friedhof go—
The court of peace, where the lindens grow.'

C. A. M. W.

* Or 'burial-place,' in German.

TRUE TOLERANCE.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help; were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at a man for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke.—*Pope.*

KNOWLEDGE OF IGNORANCE.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it hath it not.—*Bishop Taylor.*

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